

9-2004

sepF2004

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "sepF2004" (2004). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 868.
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/868

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=====

But no gnus today,
war is gnatural

therefore I take my spark
go back home north

where the sun came from
when we were gnew.

26 IX 04

=====

let me have a chance
to read your book
then the caves
will fill up again
with howling priests
and I'll have one
more religion
to rebel against

non credo non credo non credo

26 IX 04

=====

put a tint bit
of solvent
in to firm things up

27 IX 04

=====
Rescue a today from the fire
and he will tell
where his uncle's gold is buried

save a salmon from the air
and he will tell you
the secret password to the silent world

Just think of him and
all thought vanishes

your breath is just your breath
it swells your chest

you feel the world around you
stir with morning life.

Enough. No more religion.
All the words now
are just to lick your lips.

26 September 2004

=====

of all the things you really
need to resist
don't count this

I am your tailor
fitting your breast to the shirt
because the cloth is permanent
star-stippled, sleek

and I am the builder
shaping you to fit your house
because the walls were there forever
and there is no roof

and I am the priest
training God to fit inside you
to fill you with that joyous absolute
from which even the meagerest

remark shouts hallelujah.

26 September 2004

=====

stronghold immensity
sun on linden leaf
understanding

26 IX 04

=====

as much as it is
it is more
it is something in the sky
you think it is a star
then a planet a ufo
a satellite but none
of these is what it is

it is a light
from nowhere
sucked out of vacancy
of space
by your head
by what you think
that light was made

when you were a child
trolls heard you thinking
they were under every bridge
and understood your feet
as you leaned over the coping
looking down at quick little streams
telling yourself when you grew up
you would be water

but you were always fire
that centaur archer
who pulled you

over the horizon
saved you, saved
your appearances into this life
that lion who roars inside you
as your deepest light
the quick one
they make you burn
and the balanced air of autumn
feeds that blazing
the smoke of which is thought
and who know
what the flame is

and the you to whom I speak
of course is me
but there is a spiritual
grammar too
that forbids a man
to write down so simply
“I am fire.”

26 September 2004

Clam beds
it wants to said

*Venus mer
cenaria* by
billions arrayed
they say

to line our river

as if sand
took in a life
and thought it
round

white and limey
to the touch
thousands
of years after
not much change

God bless the shallow.

26 September 2004

=====
As if the fruit
fell up into the tree
as to we turn to watch it

and know the place
and look at the river and then

I walked with him in dream
discussing his long-dead father
who always wondered why his son
chose to study *Little Chair* –

wasn't big chair better? And
who studied that? And why
learn so many languages
to study furniture?
All round the sly old man of Patras
Indians were lounging on blankets,
Blackfoot and Cree and Nez Perce

and that left me
neither Greek nor Deep American,
just a man overhearing someone else's dream.

27 September 2004

=====
rain . delight of dark
the woods in rain
o please rain all day

the rain is pleasure the rain is Nile

be sanctuary in the trees
back there . in thee
back there in there

where the light dies
abashed at the strangeness
in the heart of everything

*the rain is pleasure the rain is
I don't know what the rain is*

back there in there
wet and dark
holding you on every hand

28 September 2004

PISCATOR

catch a fish
with a dark line
something you let
from where you think
down to where fish live

they move in another
place that is not ours
the line invades
the line connects these worlds
that have no other way to tell

it is the line
they swallow
the hook just holds the line to them
anchoring the link the line
that draws them in

a pain from heaven
reaching down into the world
to catch you –
what is that like?
what is that line?

28 September 2004

=====

The rain leans in on me
gets darker every minute
though it's morning

this is the day the light
got lost in the woods
on the dawn of the full-moon-after

28 IX 04

=====

I look at the very rich man sitting at my table. He talks, is sweet, approachable, alert. He moves in a world of motives and precisions almost inconceivable to me. I am like an animal at his feet, aware only of his presence, Balzac at the feet of Nucingen. The abstruse genius of money fills him with weird otherness, like a great artist or scientist. Surely we make contact of a sort, smile, exchange interesting information, I inform him, he informs me, we are pleased. But I'll never understand his world, he knows what makes the price of oil and knows how to change it. He knows why war is, and sometimes lets it come. Or is he too just a part of the machine? I am too shy to ask that, and not confident that he would answer. It hurts me, though, and only this hurts me, that I will never know.

28 September 2004

=====

Pick a road with rain

then be after. The truest
afternoon is what the midnight

knows / shows / goes
an axe embedded in a tree—
what kind? a bird
singing to a man?

what color
is the weather?

who is the moon?

2.
walk there again
then walk there again

then when you get there
walk there again

are you there yet
has again come again

I worry about these things
because I am small

you have been here so long
and still are not there

3.

pigeon Prussian blue
scarce singing curling
the air around their beaks

no teeth
and yet

it is wet tonight
it has ribbons in her hair
something in the park they

flutter round her feet
once in France and full of ivy

once in caverns and with milk
but once when men were sleeping
the light came down and took the town away

4.

learn the language, love
and lean on me

pause by the overwhelming basin
and drink a riddle dry

and then go there
where we have waited so long
for an arrival we could understand

an armistice, a tree
walking, a man with a word in his hand.

28 September 2004

for Ann, for the numbers

for Ann
whose name means grace
whose name means
clear brook flowing

clean water
being loud
the rocks give it voice
the hard music

saying,
you remind me numbers
are the only things,
pure as water

pure as flowing.

28 September 2004

=====

wait walk skim
you are lifted
you are milk

and something gross
is being lifted
also off you

oleum seipsius
or Oil of Self
only bad Latin

conveys the idea
if idea it is
it isn't, the soul

has oil
you yield
to the other

the other takes it
and flies to
some other city

your skin is dry
with tears
no one to pinch

you make you smile.

29 September 2004

=====

Ones I don't want to think
Twos I don't want to be
Threes I don't want to choose
Fours I don't want to believe
Fives I don't want to fight
Only six only six only six.

29 IX 04

=====

Wait for it. Hurricane
you thought was god
blew you out of the city
and you remember only
the deep snow Belmont
and Crescent all filled in
with houses now that look
older than they possibly
could be, there was ground
there a hole a slope
you could sled down
twenty feet of Everest.
Now everything was before.
And suddenly you were now
and had to stay in present time
everything behind you
you fell in love with everything
and everything was close
possible the way it is with
revolutionaries, close as
the beard on my face then
easy as the moon that
ping-pong ball up there
you can smack anywhere
low gravity of now
no atmosphere that
is what now means
no air, you have to run
out of now into the next
place where the air
might be waiting, onward
entelechy, onward
little boy, the sky scroll

you can read, the sun
is Talleyrand at your right
hand whispering accurate
advice, the table
is always set
now is the wind comes
to cool your soup
now is the waiter
who sets it down in front of you
just you, now is the well
where the water spoke
and fire listened
and that's all there is,
this conversation.
But still you remember
the lovely dirty snow
the city buses the silent
world where you had
to do nothing but notice
and store things up
in your heart and wait
as if you really had
come into the world for this.

30 September 2004

=====

Will there be rain?

Brain.

Will there be never?

River.

30 IX 04

a continuity for Siger of Brabant

=====

(after Lama Norlha)

**The stricter the monastery
the happier the monks.**

The more definite the words
the gladder the page.

When the page is happy
the words fly away,
who wants to live trapped in a book,

let the words go,
when the words run by you
they kiss and keep going,
you don't have to live in some meaning
they think they have to carry,

who wants to live in a book,
I do, said the word
I do, said the man
the man was me
and the word was you

you, you are my favorite word
I fly to India in a German jet
I take a little local plane
to an airport in the jungle
where they give me tea
I take a jeep and ride with others
hours and hours up the mountains
and come to a monastery,

you, you are my monastery
I am your monk
not much of a monk
but I stay in you
the taller the wall the longer the shadow
and any I there ever is
lives in the shadow of you.

30 September 2004